

**NO ONE WILL SAVE YOU**

Written by

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**INT. BATHROOM - MORNING**

**BRYNN** practices smiling in the mirror.

She's not particularly convincing.

Adds a wave for good measure.

Trying to look casual and pleasant-

But just looking nervous and uncomfortable.

Tries again before frowning and fixing her hair, still in her nightgown.

**INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

Brynn stares at two dress options.

She made them both.

After some debate, she picks one.

Then changes her mind and goes with the other.

**INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - MORNING**

It's clear that Brynn lives here alone. In her early twenties.

She heads downstairs into her immaculately designed home.

It's decorated cutely with Halloween trinkets.

She passes a LeMax halloween village of different spooky buildings which is just a *liiiittle* too big.

She turns their lights on and admires the little spooky world she's made for herself proudly.

**INT. BASEMENT - DAY**

This is where she works.

Reams of fabric. Drawers of buttons. Sewing machine.

A list of her Etsy orders.

Brynn does a little more work on a dress.

The work makes her happy.

She finishes off a dress and carefully folds it.

Wraps a bow around it.

Like it was the most special thing in the world.

Hand writes a *thank you* note and pins it to the ribbon.

She places the dress delicately in a bubbled envelope.  
Already addressed with incredible penmanship.

She prints out a stamp herself.

A vintage alarm clock rings. She hits it and gathers her things.

**EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY**

Brynn writes a letter under a tree, lounging against the trunk.

*Dear Maude,*

Her home is very well kept. Surrounded by thick woods.

There are garden boxes of vegetables by a small shed.

Brynn looks up from her letter when she hears something.

Turns towards the street. The sound of a car.

She smiles. It's here.

She huddles against the tree, making herself small-

So the **MAILMAN** can't see her when he pulls up to her mailbox at the end of her driveway.

He chuckles in some letters.

Then reaches into the back and pulls out-

A hand-wrapped **BROWN BOX**.

For a moment, he considers putting it in the mailbox...

But not seeing anyone around-

He aggressively dumps it on the ground with a smirk.

Brynn hears it *thump* and winces as-

The mail truck heads further down the road.

Brynn peeks to make sure the coast is clear.  
Then gets up and hurries to her mailbox.  
She gently picks the box up.  
Tosses the letters under her arm.  
And heads back to her home.  
Skipping with excitement.

**INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

She carefully cuts open the box with scissors, finally revealing-

An ungodly amount of bubble wrap inside.

She laughs victoriously at her flawless defeat of the mailman.

She carefully reaches inside and pulls out-

A small LeMax box of a **HALLOWEEN VILLAGE BUILDING**.

She grins, carefully opens it so as not to ruin the packaging-  
Places it proudly on its designated spot in her village.

**INT. CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER**

Brynn carefully places the empty box on a row of similar boxes.

Rows of Christmas Village buildings wait their turn.

**EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY**

The sun is beginning to set.

Brynn sets her packages in her small car.

She moves over to a flower bed and carefully cuts a few stems-  
Pauses when she sees a **STRANGE BURNED CIRCLE** in her grass and part of her flowerbed.

Brynn groans, looking closer.

Not burned necessarily. Just like everything dried up in a perfect 8 foot wide circle.

She sighs and waters it with a hose before she goes.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

She listens to oldies while she drives.

Strangely full of anxiety.

She looks into her rear-view mirror and practices that smile again.

**EXT. POST OFFICE - DAY**

She drives up to a mailbox-

But before she lowers the window-

She puts on a hat and sunglasses to obscure her face.

Then she lowers the window and quickly drops off her mail.

Before zipping away quickly.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - SUNSET**

Brynn gets out of her car.

The parking lot a little too full for her liking.

She carries the flowers with her.

**EXT. GRAVEYARD - SUNSET**

Brynn replaces the not-too-dead flowers in a vase by the headstone that reads *Sarah Adams, Wife to Hugh, Mother to Brynn.*

She spends some time with her mother, before feeling that awful sensation that she's being watched.

She slowly turns and sees a group of women across the graveyard at a funeral-

Looking at her, talking amongst themselves.

Brynn quickly stands and begins walking out of the graveyard.

Has to move past them to do so.

And when she does, she gives them her rehearsed smile and wave-

As if everything was totally fine.

It's not very convincing.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - SUNSET**

When Brynn returns to her car, she sees a small **SCRATCH** along its side.

She doesn't remember that being there before.

Looks back towards the funeral, unsure of how to react-

Before getting back into her car and driving away.

**INT. RECORD PLAYER - EVENING**

Brynn carefully selects a record from her shelf of oldies.

She puts one on.

The speakers crackle and the jazzy waltz begins.

Brynn happily sways in her dress, all the anxiety from leaving the house gone as she dances-

**INT. KITCHEN - EVENING**

Into her kitchen.

Pulls the cork off a bottle.

Pours herself some red.

Opens her laptop.

And begins cooking a dinner for one.

The '30s music carries her through as she-

Sautés vegetables. Broils chicken.

Practices **WALTZ** steps from a vintage dance book.

Drinks more red (but *never* irresponsibly so).

Chats on iChat with someone named "LeMaxter85".  
It's flirty but in a homeschooled kind of way.  
When her dinner is ready, she dutifully-  
Closes her laptop and eats alone.  
When her record gets to the end, she gets up-  
Flips it-  
And resumes her meal.  
She stares out the glass sliding doors into her backyard,  
into her woods.  
Lonely, but happy.

**INT. FREEZER - NIGHT**

She pulls out some cookie dough ice cream.

Photo of a **WOMAN** and **KID** outside that house on the fridge door. Brynn and her mom.

**INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT**

She sits down on her couch. Clicks on TCM.

Watches a black and white romance.

She loves it with all of her heart.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Polishes off the red.

Does all of her dishes. Washed and dried.

Bottle into the recycling. Ties up the trash.

**EXT. BACK OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT**

She puts her bags neatly in their respective bins.

Looks up at her house in the dark.

Can faintly see remnants of painted over graffiti on her wall. Unclear what it says.

Brynn frowns. Problems for another a day.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Brynn wishes LeMaxter85 sweet dreams and closes her laptop.

Finishes the letter she was writing. Seals it in an envelope.

Takes it with her upstairs.

The computer never travels upstairs with her.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Brynn carries the letter into a room. She's only in there for a few seconds.

And when she returns to the hallway, there is no letter in her hand.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

She brushes her teeth.

Brushes her long hair.

Puts on face cream.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Breeze flutters into her room from the window.

Curtains billow. The drone of crickets.

She reads late into the night.

No cellphone or iPad or TV in here.

Just the soft glow of her bedside reading lamp.

An owl hoots outside. She raises her eyes and smiles.

Places her bookmark and sets the book down. Turns off the lamp and curls under the covers.

And closes her eyes.

It was a good day.

**The First Night**

**INT. BRYNN'S BEDROOM - 3:27 A.M.**

Brynn is fast asleep.

Breeze still ruffling the curtains.

Crickets still performing.

*Until-*

A large gust of wind comes through the room.

Curtains flow.

Brynn stirs but doesn't wake.

Fast asleep when the crickets completely stop.

*Then-*

The sound of birds quickly flying from their nests.

Too many birds.

And then once again everything is quiet.

Too quiet.

Just the breeze.

But suddenly **ALL OF THE LIGHTS TURN ON.**

The sound of the TV and the record player downstairs and then-

Even less than half a second after they turned on-

They're **OFF**.

It's quiet again.

Brynn none the wiser.

Doesn't even fidget in her sleep.

Not even when there's-

The sound of **THE DOOR HANDLE DOWNSTAIRS BEING JOSTLED.**

Slowly at first.

Then faster and *faster*-

Unnaturally so-

Until finally-

It stops.

Followed by the soft creak of **THE FRONT DOOR OPENING**.

Brynn keeps sleeping peacefully.

An odd *thwap-thwapping* repeats downstairs.

The sound of **FEET**.

But definitely not shoes.

They keep roaming around downstairs.

The fridge door opening. Then closing. Then opening.

Then closing. Then opening.

Then **SLAMMED** shut.

Brynn's eyes flutter open.

She rolls over, trying to get comfortable again when-

*Thwap-thwap. Thwap-thwap. Thwap-thwap.*

She comes to a little bit more.

Trying to figure out what that strange sound is when-

Something clearly bumps into something else downstairs.

She **GASPS**-

Covers her mouth-

Everything is silent downstairs.

And then just as casually as before-

*Thwap-thwap. Thwap-thwap. Thwap-thwap.*

Brynn is terrified.

There's someone in her house.

She looks around her room for anything to defend herself with.

Slim pickings.

She spots a **CURLING IRON** on her dresser and decides it's her best option.

*Thwap-thwap. Thwap-thwap. Thwap-thwap.*

And then the front door of her house creaks open again-

And **SHUTS** gently.

Brynn quietly-

*Quietly-*

Sneaks out of her bed and leans towards her window.

Curtains billowing in the breeze.

She cranes forward and peers outside.

There is no sign of anyone.

She leaves the window and tip toes in her bare feet to the dresser-

Grabs the curling iron.

**EXT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

She walks slowly-

*Slowly-*

Across her wooden floors.

Towards the stairs at the end of the hall.

Passing closed doors on either side.

She reaches the top of the stairs and looks below.

Nothing.

She takes a cautious step down.

Nothing.

And then a second step down when-

**A FIGURE HURRIES ACROSS THE ROOM.**

A figure that is decidedly **NOT HUMAN**.

It walks on two legs, with two arms and a bulbous head-

Brynn only sees it for a second as it scurries by-  
Marching deeper into her home.

*Thwap-thwap thwap-thwap thwap-thwap.*

In absolute horror she **DROPS** the curling iron.

It falls to the floor-

About to hit the step when-

Brynn **GRASPS THE CORD.**

Inches away.

It dangles there, swaying aimlessly.

Shaking, Brynn coils it back up to her hands.

Gripping it like her life depended on it.

She takes a slow step backwards-

Up the stair-

Back on the wooden floor.

Trembling.

The **ALIEN** still rummaging down there.

It makes little **GRUNTS** and noises.

Like it was talking to itself.

Brynn turns and starts heading back to her bedroom-

Not sure where else to go.

Sweating.

She moves as fast as she can without making noise.

Which is not very fast at all.

Footstep by footstep.

As she nears her room-

She causes the *slightest* of creaks on the floorboard-

She cringes-

Looks down-

Holds her breath-

There is no sound from downstairs at all.

Until-

Thwaptwaptwaptwaptwaptwaptwaptwapt-

It's **RUNNING.**

*Towards the stairs.*

Brynn almost dies where she stands.

Holds back a petrified whimper and—

Forces herself into her room as the Alien reaches the stairs and races up-

But before it reaches the top stair-

Her bedroom door is closed.

And the Alien is on the second floor.

Standing there, silently, an unmoving silhouette.

INT. UNDER BRYNN'S BED - NIGHT

Brynn squeezes herself under-

Reaches and pulls her blanket down to obstruct her view as-

Her bedroom door is pushed open.

But there's no footsteps yet.

She turns her head to face the door-

Tears in her eyes and-

Sees the **TWO GREY LEGS** enter the door frame.

No denying what she's seeing now.

It doesn't move for a long time.

A long time.

But it does seem to be talking.

A strange, off-key melodic-

*chka-chka mmMMm chka-chka*

As it sways in place before-

Rushing forward in a flash and-

Doesn't look to see Brynn-

But instead hops on top of the bed.

The springs pushing down above Brynn.

Her head tilted to the side so the bed doesn't touch her.

The Alien stops moving for a moment-

And then resumes-

Walking around in circles on the bed.

Just round and round it goes.

Brynn holds her breath as best she can when-

The Alien seems to... lie down?

As if it were testing the bed out.

It *coos* to itself.

Wrestles with some blankets.

Making Brynn painfully more visible.

With a final contented snort-

It hops off the bed, landing with a soft *thump* near the window.

Brynn slowly-

*Slowly*-

Turns her head and watches as it peers out into the night-

And then suddenly-

It calls out the window-

*Uck-Uck-Uck-Uck-Uck!*

Brynn winces-

Surprised at how loud it is.  
How disgustingly not *human* it sounds.  
Then the Alien just seems to-  
*Hop-*  
Right out the second story window.  
Brynn is stunned-  
Too smart to be hopeful.  
But there's no return.  
No more awful calls in the dark.  
Nothing but silence.  
She works on being calm.  
Wipes tear trails from her cheeks.  
And after another excruciating moment-  
Begins to drag herself out from under the bed.

**INT. BRYNN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

She slowly lifts her head-  
Peering above the bed-  
And sees nothing.  
Just the breeze through her curtains.  
She swallows.  
Takes a deep breath and-  
Rushes to the window-  
Where she quickly and quietly pushes it closed-  
Locking it.  
She dodges out of view, expecting some kind of reaction but-  
There is nothing.  
Just silence.

She grips her curling iron with bleach-white knuckles.  
Trying to will herself to move-  
But having a hell of a time finding the courage.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Brynn walks with the curling iron raised over her head like a baseball bat.

Shuffling down the hall-  
Towards the stairs-  
She reaches the top of the stairs again-  
Sees the front door open down below.  
Leans forward to see if the coast is clear-  
Seems to be-  
So she takes a few sharp breaths and-  
**RUNS** to the door-

**INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT**

She pushes it closed and locks both locks.

Backing away from it-  
Expecting something to happen-  
Some reaction-  
But there is nothing.

She keeps backing away when-

Again, **ALL THE LIGHTS TURN ON.**

The TV and the record player.

*Horribly* loud.

She **SCREAMS!**

This time they don't turn off.

She runs over to the TV and rips the plug out-

Then rushes to the record player-

Tries to turn it off but it just goes crazy.

Radio channels flying by until she's able to reach behind the counter and unplug it.

She rushes to the light switches on the wall by the staircase to turn them off too-

Frantically slams them down-

Too freaked out to look up-

And see **THE TWO GREY LEGS** standing at the top of the stairs.

Not moving.

Just simply watching.

Brynn none the wiser.

And it's dark and quiet once again.

She passes by her LeMax village.

The tiny electrical lights inside blinking.

She pauses and notices.

Not sure what it means.

Or why it's happening.

She kneels down to turn off the power switch when-

*C r e a k-*

She hears something upstairs.

She looks up-

Towards the steps.

Is that a shadow?

Or was that always there?

She softly unplugs the power strip.

The tiny orange lights in her tiny little world go out.

And the shadow on the staircase does not move.

She looks behind her-  
Towards the kitchen-  
Where she can see the cord of her landline.  
Deep breath.  
Here we go.  
She slinks across the floor and into-

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Where she presses her body flush against the wall.

Waiting to hear anything but-  
Nothing.

She looks ahead-

The glass doors to her backyard.

The trees of the woods swaying ominously.  
Full of shadow and darkness.

She tears her eyes away and looks towards the ceiling.

The phone cord above her.

She slides her back up the wall.

And reaches for her retro phone.

She pulls it off the receiver and-

**SCREECHING ERUPTS FROM THE PHONE.**

Brynn yelps and drops it as-  
Everything in her home goes **NUTS**.

Even unplugged, the TV and Record Player turn on at full blast.

The lights strobe.

The refrigerator door bangs.

The heat rises.

The sliding glass doors fog.

Brynn covers her ears and-

Sees that shadow on the stairs move.

Her eyes go wide.

She springs for the sliding door but-

The handle is so hot it **BURNS** her hand.

She yelps and pulls it back.

Can't find anything to cover her hand-

It's coming.

Her eyes dart around the insanity—

Looking for a place to hide-

*There!*

Beside the fridge!

She throws her body into the tight space where she keeps her brooms and-

Closes the fridge door-

Makes herself small as-

Once again-

Everything goes back to normal.

Everything is dark.

Everything is quiet.

Except for the noise coming from the telephone.

It dangles there, softly bumping the wall.

Brynn too scared to look-

Leaning back fully in the little corner-

But she can see the reflection of the phone in the fogged sliding doors.

Condensation tears streak as the room begins to cool again.

When-

*Oh God-*

A **SMALL ALIEN HAND** with long boney fingers reaches out from the darkness.

And takes hold of the phone.

And slowly-

*Slowly-*

Places the phone back on the receiver.

Brynn's eyes watch the phone go up in the reflection-

And then realizes-

That the Alien is staring right back at her.

Just the glint of its two black eyes visible in the dark.

Brynn wants to throw up.

They stay in their respective spots-

Staring at each other's reflections when-

The refrigerator door suddenly pops open-

Golden light obstructing the reflections-

Flooding the dark kitchen-

Brynn covers her mouth as it gently glides open.

Too scared to move a muscle.

Still gripping the curling iron-

But-

Nothing happens.

It's just an open refrigerator door.

The only sound the *hummmmm* of the fridge.

Brynn doesn't breathe.

She looks up to the top of the refrigerator door-

Nothing to see.

She looks to the bottom of the refrigerator door and-

Sees the tips of several **TOES** waiting underneath.

They wriggle.

The Alien crouched behind the door.

Waiting.

*Ffffffucking with her.*

And something about knowing that she's being played with-

*Toyed with-*

Eases her fear just a tiny bit-

Replacing it with fury.

The toes wriggle again.

Ugly fingers on the top of the refrigerator door-

Like it's getting ready to pounce.

But not knowing what else to do-

Brynn pounces first.

She pushes forward-

**KNOCKING** into the door and throwing the Alien back-

As she runs away barefoot-

The glint of the Alien's eyes casually watch her go as-

**INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

She heads for the front door-

Gasping as she goes when-

All the lights, the tv, the record player-

All **TURN ON** but with way too much power-

Bulbs **EXPLODE**-

She yelps at the raining glass-

Pixels in the TV burn through-  
Speakers on the record player blow out-  
But Brynn keeps running towards that door-  
But as she reaches for it-  
The front door **BLASTS OFF ITS HINGES**-  
Barreling into Brynn!  
Knocking her violently back as it slams through the room-  
Destroying her village.  
She lands on the ground in a heap.  
Blood dripping from her forehead-  
She forces herself onto her hands and knees-  
Before **SHE GETS DRAGGED BACKWARDS** by an unseen force-  
She tries scrambling forward-  
Looking for anything to grab hold of-  
Fingernails breaking in the floor-  
The rubble of her village scattered about-  
With a violent tug she shoots backwards across the floor-  
Grabbing a cracked halloween town house-  
She gets **JERKED** to her feet-  
And **SPUN** around-  
**SCREAMING**-  
She's face to face with the Alien-  
And flailing-  
She does the only thing she can-  
And hits at the side of the creature's head-  
Where the splinter of the house she was gripping sinks inside  
its skin with a-  
**Squelch**

And for a moment nothing happens-

Brynn's eyes clenched closed-

Her home still-

And quiet. Just the sound of the night.

And after a terrible beat, Brynn can't help but be curious as to why nothing is happening-

She opens her eyes-

And sees the LeMax house **SUNK HALFWAY INTO THE ALIEN'S SKULL-**

The Alien's legs gives out from underneath it-

Brynn lets go of the house and desperately-

Backs away against the wall as-

The Alien slips to the ground-

Slumping face forward.

House still lodged in its head.

Thuds when it hits the floor.

And the Alien lays there-

Motionless-

**DEAD.**

Brynn doesn't move for a second-

Before sliding down the wall to the floor-

Shaking.

Picks up a broken table leg.

Holds it weakly like a weapon-

Looking around to see if something else might happen.

But nothing happens.

Nothing happens for the rest of the night.

Brynn stares at the body on her floor.

Tomorrow will be worse.

**The Next Day**

## INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Brynn hasn't moved in hours.

She shivers from cold.

Still in shock.

Traumatized.

The Alien still very dead in the middle of her living room.

Brynn blinks and finally realizes how cold she is.

Sniffles.

Dried blood on her face and in her hair.

She looks down towards her feet and sees-

A shard of **LIGHTBULB** lodged there.

She wiggles her faintly blue toes.

She drags her foot towards her and with a grimace-

Pulls out the shard.

Places it neatly beside her.

Half of it red.

She looks up again at the body.

Can't believe it's real.

Can't believe it's dead.

She gets to her feet-

Hobbles nervously over to it.

Dried brown blood crusted around the building stuck in its head.

**GREY** skin like marble.

Brynn runs a shaking hand through her hair-

Feels the sticky dried **BLOOD** for the first time.

Looks at her hand-

Then beyond that-

Her front door, broken in the middle of the room-  
And then, beyond that-  
At the wreckage of her little village.  
Her shoulders drop.  
And she gives a long, heartbroken sigh.

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

The phone on the wall.  
Brynn stares at it nervously.  
Glances around.  
Fridge door open-  
No light on inside.  
Spilled drinks and food on the floor.  
Eyes back to the corpse.  
Still dead.  
Eyes back to the phone.  
A nervous step forward.  
She reaches out her hand.  
Deep breath and-  
Grabs the phone off the receiver-  
No noise.  
No screeching.  
She gives a quick sigh of relief and-  
Dials 9-1-1-  
Phone to ear and-  
There's **NO DIAL TONE**.  
She looks at it.  
Huh.

Clicks the receiver.

Nothing.

Again. Again. Again.

Nothing.

Checks the cord.

It's fine.

Huh.

Eyes back to the fridge and its open door-

**NO LIGHT** on inside.

Eyes go wide and-

*Fuuuuu-*

**INT. LAPTOP - CONTINUOUS**

She throws open her laptop.

Nothing.

Jams the power key.

Nothing.

Plugs it in.

No green light.

*Nonononono-*

**INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS**

She pulls the light string-

Nothing.

Looks down.

Sees bulb glass.

*Ughhhh-*

**INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Hobbles into the laundry room-

Tries the light switches.

Nothing.

No power to the washer or dryer.

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

No power in the tiny bathroom-

**INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Opens the door to the basement and flicks the lights.

Nothing either.

Hurries downstairs.

Roots through a drawer-

Pulls out an old **FLIP PHONE**.

Dead.

Glass on the floor.

Sewing machine fried.

Brynn groans and runs back upstairs-

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

She scampers into that room she left the letter in.

No luck in there either as she comes back out.

Tip-toeing around glass as best she can as she hurries into-

**INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Nothing in the bedroom either.

She opens a dresser drawer and pulls out-

An old **POLAROID CAMERA** and discovers that-

All the polaroids discharged overnight.

There are no photos left.

Angry, she tosses it roughly back in the drawer-

Slamming it shut-

She leaves-

Then comes back and looks at her sheets, still jumbled from when the Alien played in them.

She squints-

**INT. TRASH BAG - CONTINUOUS**

She puts them all in a trash bag.

But doesn't throw them out.

She ties the bag neatly and sets it in the corner of her room.

Evidence.

**INT. MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

No power in the upstairs bathroom.

She catches her reflection in the mirror.

She looks like a mess.

Quickly moves away.

More important things to deal with first.

**INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

This room is a disaster.

She stumbles around-

Trying not to look at the corpse-

Trying to figure out what might have power-

Has a thought and runs out the front space where the door used to be to-

**EXT. BACK OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Where the fusebox is.

She opens it up.

Tries turning it off and on.

Makes no difference.

She groans and whines and then-

Has a terrible thought.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Scrambles through some of the mess to find-

Her **CAR KEYS**.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Hobbles with her sore bare foot to the car as quick as she can.

Hits the unlock button but-

Nothing happens.

Hits it over and over *and over*-

Nothing.

Desperate and frustrated she unlocks it with the key like a goddamn peasant-

And dives inside.

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Sits in the front seat.

Deep breath and prayers and-

Turns the ignition.

**FUCKING NOTHING HAPPENS.**

She tries again and again until-

She breaks down-

Slamming her fists on the steering wheel and screaming.

When she's done-

She doesn't feel better.

Her eyes drift to the back of the car-

And her tiny shed behind the car.

**INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS**

She pulls out her **BICYCLE** and sets it outside.

Surveys what's inside.

Lots of gardening equipment.

Shears. Soil. Shovel. A lawn mower.

**EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY**

She grabs her bike-

Hopping on-

And then as soon as her bare foot hits the pedal-

Quickly stumbling off.

Wincing.

Rubbing her poor bare foot.

She catches her disheveled reflection in the car window.

Pats down her hair.

Knows exactly how it will go for her if anyone in town sees her looking like this.

Frowns.

**INT. SHOWER - DAY**

Still in her nightgown, she scrubs her foot clean.

It hurts.

She scrubs her head clean.

It hurts.

Big ol' cut and bruise where the door hit her.

She pokes it curiously.

There will be more.

**INT. BEDROOM CLOSET - DAY**

She opens her closet, wrapped in a robe, and pulls out options of what to wear.

It fills her with a **TREMENDOUS** amount of anxiety.

She bites her lip and stares at three options displayed on her bed while she quickly combs her hair.

She chooses one and puts it on.

She applies Neosporin and bandages to her foot and face.

Carefully puts hiking boots on over the cut foot.

Combs her hair to cover her bandage.

Looks at herself in the mirror.

Fingers tap at her sides nervously and-

Fuck this.

She quickly takes off her boots-

And goes with a *different* outfit.

Groaning to herself as she gets dressed.

**INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - DAY**

She stares at the corpse.

Then out the front door shaped hole at her bike.

Then back at the corpse.

There are flies buzzing around it.

Scrunches up her face.

Well it's not going with her on that bike so she-

**INT. LINEN CLOSET - DAY**

Finds the blanket she likes the least.

**INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - DAY**

Lays it over the Alien.

Then sprays a ton of air freshener around it.

Heads for the door-hole and-

Stops.

Realizes that anything could get in.

*Think think think-*

She moves to her couch-

Pushes it as hard as she can-

Grunts and sweats as-

It finally budges and-

She blocks part of the door with it.

**EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS**

She crawls over it to land outside.

Reaches back in and props up some cushions to block the entrance a little bit.

Surveys her work.

It'll do.

Then-

A **NOISE** from the woods.

Her eyes dart there in fear-

But sees nothing.

Maybe it was just a bird.

She stares intensely into the distance-

Nothing now but shadows and the creaking of trees.

Then Brynn slowly moves her eyes skyward.  
To the clouds.  
To where it came from.  
She keeps gazing.  
The fear building more and more until-

**EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER**

Brynn zips down the road on her bike.  
Long hair in the wind.  
Determined like she's never been before.

**EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY**

She bikes down a quaint, boring American main street.  
A couple people notice her go past-  
But even though she clearly notices-  
She doesn't stop.

**EXT. THE POLICE STATION - DAY**

She locks her bicycle at a rack to the side of the station.  
She stands there, trying to psych herself up.  
Shaking.  
Scared as hell.  
But she summons every bit of courage she has-  
Lowers her head and-  
Walks inside.

**INT. THE POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS**

She opens the door and-  
Comes face to face with **MRS. COLLINS** and her husband, **THE POLICE CHIEF**. In their sixties.

They stare at her-

Startled.

Literally no one in the world they'd rather see less than her-

And literally no one Brynn would be more scared to see right now than them.

The rest of the station hushes up to watch the unfortunate encounter.

Brynn looks down-

Mortified-

Embarrassed.

Tugs at her hair-

Looks up at them-

Opens her mouth to speak and-

**MRS. COLLINS SPITS IN HER FACE.**

Brynn gasps.

And after a hideous beat-

Mrs. Collins passes her and heads out the door.

The Police Chief stays for a moment-

Like he knows he should apologize-

But honestly-

*Honestly-*

He just really doesn't fucking want to.

So he follows his wife out the door.

Brynn stands there, spit on her face-

She looks up at the quiet station-

The other officers that see her-

And then one by one-

They go back to work-

And it's suddenly very clear that Brynn is incredibly-  
*Incredibly-*  
Hated in this town.

**EXT. THE POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER**

Brynn stumbles out of the station-

Wiping her face-

Humiliated and mortified-

Hurries to her bike-

Kneels to unlock it and-

Breaks down into **SOBS**.

She can't help it.

It all just pours out of her.

She tries to make herself stop.

Balling up her fists-

Hitting her leg.

Wipes her face again.

Tries taking deep breaths.

She looks up and-

Sees **TWO COPS** staring at her-

She doesn't break eye contact with them-

Tears down her cheeks and-

Soon they resume talking amongst themselves as they get into their car.

Not interested in helping her.

She sniffles.

Finishes unlocking her bike and stands up.

Straightens her hair and her clothes.

Closes her eyes, trying to think.

When-

There's that **SOUND** again.

From the woods in the distance.

Did something-

Did something fucking **FOLLOW** her?

She looks around-

Trying to find the source of the sound-

But as always-

Nothing.

That will change.

And she knows it.

She glances around, wracked with fear-

And sees a **BUS** drive by.

She watches it go.

**A BUS!**

That's a good idea.

That's a fucking **GREAT** idea.

#### **INT. BUS STATION - DAY**

Brynn walks with a **BUS TICKET** to Tulsa clenched in her hand.

Keeps her head down.

Just trying to get out.

#### **INT. STORE AT THE BUS STATION - DAY**

She quickly dashes into a convenience store-

Grabs a baseball hat-

Sunglasses-

*Someone is watching her.*

She crosses an aisle-

Grabs a sweatshirt-

Toothbrush-

Toothpaste-

A watch-

*A man at the end of the aisle.*

Gum-

Chips-

Snacks-

Whatever it takes to get to tomorrow-

*There is something different about this guy.*

Something... *off.*

Not like the cops.

Or the other people.

Not offended by her presence.

Something... just *off.*

#### **AT THE CHECK-OUT-**

The **TEENAGE CASHIER** rings each item up.

She looks at Brynn while she does it.

Recognizes her.

Knows *exactly* who she is.

Brynn looks back at her.

And has a sudden yawn.

Cashier keeps ringing her up.

Brynn ducks away to a small fridge by the counter.

And places a Monster energy drink on the belt.

Then a Red Bull.

Then a Rock Star.

Then grabs a handful of 5 Hour Energy Shots.

Then another handful.

The cashier looks at Brynn.

Not scanning anything for a moment.

So-

Brynn scans the Red Bull on her own.

Then cracks it open and begins chugging it.

The other people in the store watch.

Brynn finishes the can and-

Reaches over the counter-

The cashier **FLINCHES**-

But all Brynn does is throw the can away.

Feels kinda bad about scaring the kid though-

Until the cashier begins scanning the next items-

Quicker-

Minding her own fucking business.

Brynn smiles, pleased with herself.

**AS SHE LEAVES THE STORE-**

Carrying her bags-

The man hobbles after her.

Watching her.

It's **THE MAIL MAN** from yesterday.

But something about him has *changed*.

His walking is... *off*.

But that doesn't really matter-

Because he's following her.

**INT. BUS - DAY**

Brynn sits against the window on the sparsely populated bus.

Foot tapping anxiously.

No one in the seat beside her.

Just her bags of supplies.

Hat down.

Sunglasses on.

That **MAIL MAN** sitting a few rows behind her.

Out of focus but clearly staring at her when-

The bus lurches forward.

And the journey begins.

Brynn lets out a small, victorious breath.

Good plan, Brynn.

She leans her head against the window.

Trying to calm her nerves for the first time.

**BUT SHORTLY INTO THE JOURNEY-**

The man behind Brynn gets up and moves-

To the row behind her, across the aisle.

Still staring.

She hasn't noticed him yet.

But then, soon enough-

She feels his eyes burrowing into her-

She sends a quick glance his way-

He doesn't look away from her-

She spins back towards the window-

Alarmed but not sure what to do or what his deal might be-  
Until he moves and sits directly behind her.  
Now she's spooked.

She can hear his weird arrhythmic breathing.  
*What the shit.*

He doesn't move or seem to be doing anything else.  
Just... breathing weird.

Breathing... off.

She calmly reaches to the seat beside her-  
Gently grabs her bags-  
And with a deep breath-  
Stands up to find a different seat.

She moves across the row and-

**HE GRABS HER BY THE ELBOW-**

Not too aggressively-  
But definitely enough to be startling-

She tries to pull away but-  
He pulls her in close and leans to her ear-  
To whisper-

She's scared-  
But not as scared as she gets when-  
The man *doesn't say anything.*

Her eyes peer to their edges and see him-  
Just moving his mouth open and closed-  
Before he starts making **STRANGE GUTTURAL NOISES.**

*Uck-Uck-Uck-Uck-Uck-*

Like he hasn't figured out how to use his voice yet.

Terrified-

Brynn tries to pull away again-

But he grabs her elbow tighter-

His noises weirder and more intense until-

She aggressively **PUSHES** him away-

He **FALLS BACK IN THE SEAT.**

Everyone in the bus staring at Brynn-

As she stumbles into the aisle-

Looks back towards him and-

Brynn's eyes go wide as-

The Mail Man begins **CRAWLING** over a row of seats.

*UCK-UCK-UCK-UCK-UCK!*

Other passengers start freaking out-

Shouting.

As Brynn runs for the bus door as fast as she can.

#### **EXT. STREET - DAY**

The bus makes an unplanned stop and-

Brynn **BOLTS** out of there-

High-tailing it as fast as she can away.

And after a long, drawn out moment-

The **MAIL MAN** stumbles off the bus.

He watches her go.

Then turns and walks the other direction-

Mumbling to himself.

#### **EXT. TOWN - DAY**

Out of breath and sweaty-

Brynn finally slows down.  
Hands on her knees.  
Deep breaths.  
She looks back-  
No sign of the man.  
Well that's something.  
But now there's even less of a scrap of a plan-  
When something catches her eye to the right-  
She looks and-  
Sees a **CLOTHING STORE**-  
And the **CLERK** inside-  
Flipping the open sign-  
To **CLOSED**.  
Confused, Brynn looks at her watch.  
It's **5pm**.  
She double checks.  
Sees another **CLOSED** sign going up.  
Stands up in alarm.  
Looks skyward.  
Sunset.  
**SUNSET**.  
**FUCK**.  
Brynn grasps her head-  
Panicking-  
She's all alone-  
With nowhere to go-  
Out in the open-

And they might come back for her.  
Of course they'll fucking come back for her.  
She killed one of them.  
And it's almost night.  
So-

**RUN, BRYNN!**

Adrenaline replaces exhaustion as she hurtles down the street.

Everything around her closing-  
Like any of them would take her in anyway.

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

Brynn hurries homeward-  
Shuffling more than running at this point.  
She reaches into her bag and pulls out-  
Another 5 hour energy shot.  
Downs it.  
Puts the empty carcass back in the bag.  
A **TRUCK** is coming down the road from behind her.  
She stops and holds out her thumb, hopeful-  
But the truck doesn't stop-  
In frustration and desperation-  
Brynn **SLAMS** the plastic bag onto the ground.  
More deep breaths-  
Trying to calm herself down-  
When-  
That **SOUND** again.  
She looks up-

Sees another strange **BURNED IN CIRCLE** in the grass by the side of the road.

Takes a few curious steps towards the forest-

Something unseen in there **MOVES** away quickly-

Something that feels **BIG**.

She takes some alarmed steps back-

Wasn't expecting... *that*.

But the trees are still.

The woods are quiet.

Brynn can't see anything.

Nothing is coming.

She picks up her bag and continues onward-

It's just another normal October afternoon.

Except for all the ways it really fucking isn't.

#### **EXT. CHURCH - EVENING**

Further down the road she sees it-

An **OLD CHURCH**-

And with a faint smile, heads towards it-

She reaches the door and pulls the handle-

But-

It's **LOCKED**.

Brynn groans and looks inside.

Sees a church bulletin board, the worship hall behind it.

Some **MISSING PERSON** fliers.

But no one inside. Completely dark.

She takes a step back and sees-

The parking lot is empty.

Beyond that a graveyard-  
Brynn clocks it-  
Stares at it for a second too long before-  
Tearing her eyes away.  
She rushes around the building.  
Checking for an open door or window-  
Goes the whole way around-  
Nothing.  
Shit.  
The soft *ding-ding* of flags bumping against flagpoles.  
Catches sight of the graveyard again.  
Trying **NOT** to look-  
But-  
Eventually she does-  
Peeking through her hair at it.  
And the ocean of regret that resides in there.  
Stares at it for a long moment.  
Wipes her brow and decides-  
Fuck it.

**EXT. THE TINY GRAVEYARD - CONTINUOUS**

She slowly makes her way in-  
Checking each headstone's name when-  
She spots it.  
A few rows ahead of her.

*Maude Collins*

She stares at it for a very long seconds.  
Until **THUNDER** rumbles in the distance.

She looks up.

Storm clouds coming in.

Wind picking up-

The flags rippling.

But at a longer look-

Those clouds don't feel quite natural.

Strange colors illuminating within them.

Oh hell.

Brynn knows what's in those clouds.

And why it feels like they're moving straight towards her.

Eyes wide-

## EXT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

She looks desperately around the church-

Sees a **ROCK**.

Grabs it-

Heads back to the church door and-

THROWS IT so she can break in-

Fucking thing bounces off-

So she picks it back up and really chucks it-

This time, it shatters the-

The alarm is deafening.

She covers her ears—

Eyes dart back up to the storm clouds—

They are closer now.

**EXT. THE ROAD - EVENING**

Brynn runs faster than she has ever run in her life.

The clouds follow steadily.

There's only one place left for Brynn to go-

**EXT. THE ROAD - EVENING**

And that's her **HOME**.

From the road, she stares up at her house like it's the most haunted place in the world.

She looks at her watch.

**6:36.**

There is no sun left in the sky.

She taps her watch a few times, wishing it was earlier.

And that she had more time.

But she doesn't.

So she moves with the weight of the world on her shoulders down her driveway.

Ignores the mail in her mailbox.

And on the ground beside her mailbox.

**EXT. FRONT YARD - EVENING**

She slows down as she approaches her house-

Craning her neck forward nervously to see if the couch blockade is still at her door...

It is.

She exhales. Small blessings.

**INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

She pushes the cushions out of the way and-

The **STENCH** instantly hits her.

*Yugh.*

She covers her mouth and sees-

The Alien under the blanket still.

But even more flies.

It's... souring.

Brynn almost throws up until-

There's another rumble of strange thunder outside.

And she snaps to.

There's too much work to be done.

And nowhere near enough time to do it.

Taps her foot. Eyes clenched shut-

*Thinkthinkthink-*

Tiny moans as her brain tries making a halfway decent plan-

And-

Her eyes pop open.

Okay. There it is.

Off she goes.

Back outside.

#### **EXT. SHED - EVENING**

Dumps out the contents of her shed.

Lawnmower.

Leaf blower.

Generator.

Ladder.

Hammer.

Taps her foot while staring at them.

Looks back at her dead car.

That could work.

So she begins to unscrew the cap on her lawnmower.

**EXT. CAR - EVENING**

She pops up from behind the car, having done something underneath.

Wipes her hands on her pants and gets in-

She makes sure all the car doors are unlocked.

Then, to be extra safe, makes sure all the doors are just barely left open.

**EXT. BACK OF THE HOUSE - DAY**

She rips out all of the **FUSES** from the fusebox.

Just drops them on the ground.

Leaves-

But returns quickly-

Gathering them up.

Feeling bad about littering.

**EXT. GARBAGE CANS - DAY**

Drops them in the garbage.

Closes the lid-

Sees that little bit of graffiti still peaking through the layers of paint she covered it up with in the past.

Another frown.

She looks down at the **STORM DOORS** leading to the basement.

She darts away, motivation renewed.

Still so much to do.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Wraps a scarf around her nose and mouth.

**INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - DAY**

A scented candle is lit. Then a second. And a third.

Broken glass and broken village all over the floor.

Fucking front door on the floor.

Brynn tries her best to ignore the Alien for now.

Moves to pick up the door-

It breaks apart as soon as she lifts it into two splintered pieces.

Fucking useless.

But gives her an idea-

**SO-**

She hacks it into pieces with her hatchet.

**INT. VARIOUS ROOMS - DAY**

She leaves chunks of door in various places of various rooms.

**EXT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Looks through the contents of her kitchen cupboards.

Knives. Pots. Pans.

An old lighter.

She flicks it.

*Flame.*

Good. Pockets it.

**INT. FREEZER - DAY**

She opens the freezer-

Everything thawed.

She turns back and looks at her oven.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Turns the dial-

**FLAME!**

She jumps in the air with glee.

Fills four pots with water.

Sets them to boil.

More ideas-

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Takes the hand-held shower off its holder-

Turns on the water-

All the way hot.

Leaves it there in the tub.

Steam billows.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Her work space.

Those big storm doors.

Barricades the handles with a pipe.

Then digs through incredibly well-manicured drawers and finds-

Superglue-

Shrugs.

Pours it all over the steps on her way back upstairs.

**INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

She begins barricading her open wound of a front door with layers of saran wrap, duct taping it in place.

Starting from the top. Moving side to side.

Working her way down. About a yard from the bottom she stops.

Pushes the couch back in front of it.

Surveys her work.

It's... kinda shit.

She sighs. Hugs herself.

Because no one else is going to.

And so, she runs up the stairs-

**INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT**

That trash bag in the corner.

Hurries into her bathroom and gets the shower going in there-

But does **NOT** see-

The **COLORFUL LIGHTS** illuminate through her window outside-

And by the time she comes back-

The lights have moved on, and the bedroom is dark once again.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Brynn hurries back down the hallway-

Never noticing the **LIGHTS** that silently illuminate through the windows of the rooms she passes.

She runs back down the stairs-

**INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Through the living room-

Hand over her mouth and nose as she passes the carcass-

A girl on a mission as she enters-

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Where she heads to the pots of boiling water on the stove when-

**THWUMMMPPP!**

A **BLINDING WHITE LIGHT** powers through the front door!

Brynn dives for cover, never in the path of the beam.

A droning **HMMMMMM** accompanies it-

Brynn covers her ears-

Squinting through the brightness even though it's not directly on her-

The light so hot that it **MELTS** the cellophane wrap over the door-

So much for that plan.

Brynn casts her eyes to the ground and sees-

A **FLY**, frozen in the beam, trembling against its will-

And then-

Everything in the beam's path **RISES IN THE AIR**-

Including the **COUCH BLOCKING THE DOOR**-

Including **THE ALIEN UNDER THE BLANKET**-

After a moment-

The couch gets **PUSHED** out of the path of the door-

It **THUMPS** uselessly on the floor-

While the Alien begins **MOVING** through the light.

Pulled out of her home.

Brynn stays motionless.

Trying to keep her breathing calm.

The body is out of her house and then-

Silently-

That awful light **DISAPPEARS** in a blink-

And all is still.

And dark.

And quiet.

Brynn too smart to move.

Or hope.

But maybe... maybe they took what they came for and left.

Maybe.

**Creak-**

Brynn doesn't react to the sound.

**Creak-**

And it happens again.

Slowly she leans her head to peer into the room and-  
Sees nothing.

Until-

The rocking chair moves-

**Creak-**

Rocking forward once...

And then back to its resting position.

**Creak-**

And then she sees-

The bizarre, long limbed **ARM-**

Reach out from behind the chair-

Brynn looks away.

Staying out of potential eyesight.

Hears the chair **creak** again-

Followed by a gravel voice that grumbles out a-

*eeeeuk*

Sends her blood ice cold.

The **shape** of this creature *different* from yesterday's.

Smaller, more sinewy.

Brynn's eyes on her glass back doors.  
Really wishes she had time to cover them earlier.  
Feeling exposed and out in the open-  
She checks the creature again-  
It seems like its turned away from her.  
So while it's distracted-  
Brynn takes her moment-  
Scurries across the floor-  
It doesn't notice her.  
She reaches the door to her basement-  
And quietly pulls it open.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

She closes the door behind her.  
Locks it.  
It's darker down here.  
She carefully lifts herself over the spilled glue-  
Lowering herself gently onto the floor-  
The little scratching sounds from the living room above her.  
She stands there, not sure where to go when-  
She heads to her work drawers-  
Quietly opens one-  
Pulls out a **BOX CUTTER**.  
Pockets it.  
She sees **LIGHT** move across the basement windows.  
Then rest at the storm doors.  
Nothing-  
Until the doors start **BULGING INWARDS**.

The pipe taking the pressure-

But starting to bend.

Brynn takes a cautious step back as-

**BAM!**

The pipe **SNAPS IN TWO!**

Launching forward-

One piece narrowly missing Brynn-

Before both pieces **CLANG** on the floor loudly.

Light pouring in through the broken storm doors and then-

Disappears-

Revealing the shuffling **FIGURE** approaching the steps.

Brynn dodges out of its line of sight-

Grabbing a piece of the pipe and-

Squeezing under a table as-

The Alien enters the basement.

The same size and shape as the one she killed.

Brynn hides as it investigates this room.

*Thwap-thwap. Thwap-thwap.*

She hears it rummaging-

Investigating-

And then-

She sees its leg-

As it enters her field of vision from under the table.

It shuffles around some more-

Like a tourist at a museum.

Not seeming to suspect or notice Brynn hiding nearby.

She doesn't breathe.

It leaves her sight.

She hears it on the steps.

The creaking of wood.

And then she doesn't hear any-

**IT LEANS DOWN AND STARES STRAIGHT AT HER.**

A couple yards away.

Just the gleam of those awful black eyes in the dark.

Brynn doesn't move.

Immobilized in terror.

It doesn't move.

It just gazes at her.

With those awful fucking eyes.

It speaks.

*Hrmhhh-Uhck.*

Brynn doesn't respond.

Just sweats.

Shallow breaths.

It shuffles a little closer to her.

The way someone might approach a stray cat.

Brynn backs up harder against the wall.

Head pushing against the bottom of the table.

Alien still staring.

Brynn still shaking.

Then...

The Alien starts shaking.

Trembling.

It opens its mouth-

Like it's going to throw up.

It's fucking weird.

Brynn doesn't know what the fuck is happening-

Or what to do-

So she just-

Raises the pipe in her hand-

Not even in a threatening manner.

Just like... a distraction.

The Alien stops shaking.

Slowly closes its mouth.

Curious.

Brynn tilts the pipe left.

The Alien's eyes follow.

Tilts it back right.

The Alien's eyes follow.

Then left again-

Then Brynn tosses it-

Not at the Alien-

Just through the room-

The Alien turns and watches it go-

But before it can hit the ground-

And *clang*-

It **FREEZES** mid-air.

The Alien's eyes on it-

And not on Brynn as she-

Throws herself towards the stairs-

The Alien turns and-

Sees her reach the bottom step-  
Brynn grabs the stair rail and-  
Hoists herself over the glue when-

**THE PIPE SLAMS INTO THE WALL!**

Narrowly missing her.  
She yelps, covers herself with her arms-  
Reaches the door-  
Unlocks it and-  
Throws herself through-  
The Alien watching it all oh so casually.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Brynn hits the wall opposite the door-  
Slamming it closed when-  
Something **SHRIEKS!**  
As whatever the fuck was behind her rocking chair **SPRINTS TOWARDS HER-**  
Half as tall as the other aliens-  
But with hideous long skeleton arms raised-  
Talons out.  
Brynn scrambles back but not fast enough as-  
The little fucker **POUNCES!**  
Brynn grabs both its wrists as it tries to hack and slash at her-  
She's able to keep it far enough away from her face as they wrestle for dominance-  
Brynn losing balance as the fucker flails about-  
Its talons getting closer and closer-  
And out of options-

Brynn does the only thing she can think to do-  
She opens her mouth and-  
**BITES DOWN** as hard as she can into the fucker's arm-  
It **SQUEALS** in agony as it tries to get away from her-  
Until finally-  
She lets go-  
And they separate at opposite ends of the hallway.  
The Alien licking its wound like a sad dog.  
Brynn catching her breath-  
Until she tastes what's in her mouth-  
And starts gagging and dry-heaving.  
Spitting the brown blood onto her floor.  
They lock eyes at opposite ends of the hallway-  
The little fucker getting its anger back and-  
Brynn turns and-

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Barrels into the kitchen-  
Towards the stove-  
Alien fucker screaming behind her-  
Brynn grabs a towel-  
Grabs a pot of boiling water and-  
Pivots-  
Slinging it into the fucker's face-  
It **SHRIEKS** again as the water burns into its face.  
It stumbles back, pawing its eyes when-  
Brynn **SWINGS** the pot at it-  
But keeps missing as it scurries about on the floor-

She finally connects-

Hitting its leg-

But it just **WHINES** loudly before it-

Staggers out the front door-

Leaving Brynn breathless, holding a burning hot pot with a thin towel-

She realizes how much it's starting to burn her hand and drops it-

Shaking her hand when-

That **NOISE**-

That noise she kept hearing all fucking day-

And it's very clearly coming from outside her house.

And coming closer.

Feeling very exposed in the middle of the kitchen-

She darts off down-

#### **INT. THE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Past the basement door and into-

#### **INT. THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The bathroom-

Full of steam from the shower.

She locks the door and-

Backs up against the wall-

Grabbing the shower head-

Spraying it into the tub-

Waiting for the worst-

That noise again-

**INSIDE** her house-

Brynn whimpers.

Terrified-

There's a scratching at the door-

***Skrrrriiiiiiitcccchhh-***

Oh God-

***Skrrrriiiiiiitcccchhh-***

Brynn braces herself and then-

**BANG**

**BANG**

**BANG**

It clobbers into the door-

Splintering it-

Until-

**BANG!**

It breaks through-

And a hideous long arm-

Like a **SPIDER-LEG-**

Comes through the door-

Shredding at the rest of the door-

Tearing it apart-

Trying to fit in as-

Brynn gets a look at what can only be called a **DADDY-LONG-LEG ABDOMINATION.**

Four disgustingly long limbs-

But a tiny alien body at its center-

Screaming face-

Probably nine or ten feet tall on all fours-

God it's fucking disgusting-

Brynn scrambles-

Spraying it with the shower head and-

It does fucking nothing.

No reaction-

And Brynn realizes how totally fucked she is as the creature grasps at her-

Getting closer and closer to destroying the door-

Brynn looks up-

Window.

**WINDOW!**

She rushes to her feet and pushes it open-

It's a small window but she can fit-

She pulls herself through it-

Almost out when-

The abomination **GRABS HER LEG.**

It jerks her back violently-

She slams into the wall outside-

Scratching her stomach on the window sill-

Grasping for something to hold onto-

It gets her back into the bathroom-

She's screaming-

Grabs the window frame for dear life-

Flailing and kicking-

Surviving this long just because the fucking thing can't **FIT** in this room-

It gives some ferocious tugs-

Brynn feels like her arms are gonna come out of her sockets-

But she holds on somehow-

Fighting back-  
Until-  
She gets free!  
And launches herself outside!

**EXT. BACK OF THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

It hurts like hell when she lands-  
She exhales into the grass-  
Alien hands reaching through the window uselessly for her.  
Brynn groans as she rolls onto her back.  
She doesn't see the woods in the distance behind her.  
And she doesn't hear the **SECOND DADDY-LONG-LEG** coming out of those woods-  
Galloping towards her on all fours.  
She gingerly gets to her feet-  
Still not hearing it.  
She looks to the sky-  
Searching-  
But still not hearing it-  
Until finally-  
She hears its huff and puff-  
She slowly-  
Agonizingly-  
Looks back-  
Oh God it's so close-  
She takes off running-  
More like limping-  
Desperate *oomfs* as she tries to move her sore bones faster-

Gaining on her-

Fuckity fuck-

But she has a plan for this-

Turning the corner of her house-

Sees-

**HER CAR.**

Just sitting there.

She grunts towards it-

The abomination roars-

Brynn pushes herself faster-

Gets to her car-

It's right behind her-

Brynn throws open the passenger door and-

Dives inside-

Brynn doesn't close the door-

Leaving it open as-

The abomination tries to burst in after her

It tries to squeeze its body in-

As she tumbles out the driver door-

Lands rough on hands and knees-

Scrambles away from the creature's swipes-

Towards the gas-cap-

Which has been stuffed with a **GASOLINE DRENCHED RAG**.

Fucking A, Brynn!

She roots through her pocket-

Lighter!

She flicks it and-

*Fla-*

The abomination **RIPS THROUGH HER BACK WITH ITS CLAWS.**

Brynn spasms forward-

Blood.

Lighter flying out of her hand.

Bouncing away from her on the ground.

Abomination stuck halfway through the car.

Brynn forces herself to crawl-

*C r a w l-*

Gets her hand on the lighter-

Stumbles to her feet-

*Flick-*

*Flick-*

***Flame-***

Fire on the rag.

Brynn's eyes grab the abomination, still struggling to get towards her again.

*Heh.*

Then remembers what the fuck she just did.

Eyes wide.

She moves away and-

***BOOOOM!***

**THE CAR EXPLODES UPWARDS IN A BALL OF FLAME.**

The blast knocks her forwards-

*Ooof.*

She rolls onto her back and-

Admires the carnage she hath wrought.

Fire burning in her eyes.

The Abomination still and quiet.

Her car dead and burning-

**THWUMMMPPP!**

That awful light **HITS** the car directly from above.

The fire instantly snuffed out.

Brynn cranes her neck to see the source-

But the light is too blinding to make anything else out from above.

Then just as quickly and silently as it appeared-

It's gone again.

Just faint trails of smoke coming from the car-

Brynn catches her breath and-

Has the terrible realization of why the light went out-

She scrambles frantically out of her spot as-

**THWUMMMPPP!**

The light hits where she just was!

She gets to her feet and limps awkwardly-

Painfully-

Back towards her home-

The light goes out-

And before it can reappear-

She's back inside.

**INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

She stumbles into the room when-

That **noise**-

Oh yeah.

Bathroom abomination.

Brynn takes a hard turn and scrambles up the stairs.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

She hears them behind her-

Her bedroom at the end of the hall.

Not sure if she can make it in time.

So she turns left.

Into The Room.

**INT. THE ROOM - NIGHT**

It is quiet in here.

Quieter than the rest of the house.

Darker too.

Shades and curtains drawn.

Until the door is pushed open-

*Jussssst* a little.

The silhouette of a Grey peering through.

Black eyes glisten.

Pushes the door open more and-

As light comes in the room-

It sees what's actually in here.

A bedroom. But beyond that-

Mannequins.

Two of them.

Wearing dresses.

Unfinished.

And around them are boxes.

Boxes upon boxes.

The Alien investigates.

Boxes full of *letters*.

Letters that Brynn wrote.

All to one person.

Someone named **MAUDE**.

One of the mannequins suddenly-

*Tips over-*

The Alien's head snaps towards it-

It **STOPS** mid-air-

It stares at the collapsed mannequin for a confused second-

Before Brynn **BARRELS INTO IT-**

Knocking her and The Grey onto the ground-

Brynn tries to get up-

Tries to hit but-

The Alien flicks a finger and-

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Brynn **EXPLODES OUT OF THE ROOM-**

Smashing into the hall.

She hits the floor.

Coughs.

Holy shit that was awful.

She grabs her ribs.

Something's probably broken.

Something *must* be broken.

But she remains alive.

For now.

She looks into the room and sees The Alien standing there.

Just... watching her.

As the door slowly closes on them.

**GO BRYNN GO!**

She pushes herself up to her feet-

Falls down. Forces herself back the fuck up-

Stumbles but stays up this time.

Probably concussed-

*Definitely* concussed-

Using the wall as support. Back still bloody.

Makes her way to-

**INT. HER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Can hear the shower running in her bathroom still.

Reaches for the bed to lean o-

**THWUMMMPPPP!**

Brynn is **CAUGHT IN THE LIGHT-**

Blasting through her bedroom window-

Paralyzed by it when-

She trembles in place-

Can't even move her mouth when-

**IT FLINGS HER UP.**

Pinning her against the ceiling.

That awful droning the only thing she hears.

She can move her eyes.

And that's it.

She can't move.

She can't move.

She can't move.



**INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

Brynn **SCREAMS** when she wakes up in her bed.

Hair a mess from the nightmare.

The... nightmare?

It takes her a few seconds to calm down.

There's no one else in her room.

It's morning.

She's in her bed.

In her nightgown.

Birds chirp outside.

She grasps at her back-

It's dry.

No cuts.

She jumps out of bed-

Still alarmed-

But starting to slowly realize that-

Everything is absolutely fine.

And it's just another normal October day.

She sits on her bed.

Dazed.

Almost laughs.

But instead can't help but cry.

She stops when she hears something downstairs.

Something... pleasant.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY**

Her house just the way it always was.

**INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - DAY**

Her LeMax village just the way it always was.

She looks at it for a moment before-

She hears that sound again-

*Humming.*

Coming from the kitchen.

Nervously, she walks towards the room.

Bare feet on the floor as-

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Brynn sees **A WOMAN** at the stove.

Cooking.

*Humming.*

She wears a dress.

The one Brynn was making.

She turns and smiles at Brynn.

Brynn chokes out a joyous, shocked cry at seeing her.

At seeing her face.

**MAUDE** *awws* and hurries to Brynn-

Wrapping her in a hug.

Brynn doesn't hug back for a beat-

Eyes wide with surprised tears.

Until finally she raises her arms and clutches her back.

Burying her face in the woman's hair.

Until the woman parts to get back to cooking.

Brynn watches her-

Her mind racing-

She looks around her home.

Things are different.

Things in different places.

Photos on the wall.

Brynn takes a step back.

Looks into the family room again-

Her LeMax village.

There amongst them-

The building she plunged into the Alien's skull-

And something clicks for Brynn.

As sound drops out.

And Brynn stares-

Becoming more and more aware-

Of what is happening-

Her attention is pulled by the inaudible voice of her friend.

She stands across from Brynn-

Concerned-

what's wrong

She takes a step towards Brynn-

And Brynn takes a harried step back.

To the surprise of her friend.

brynn

what's wrong

Brynn doesn't answer.

She covers her ears with her hands-

Pulling at her hair-

Overwhelmed with emotion.

Tiny pained groans.

Tears she's fighting to keep inside.  
For every step her friend takes towards her-  
Brynn takes one back.  
Until finally-  
She looks up at Maude.  
Takes a deep breath.  
Wipes her eyes.  
Forces a smile at the woman she'll never see again.  
And speaks at barely barely barely barely over a whisper:

i'm sorry

Then-  
She violently reaches into her mouth with her hand-  
Pushing it as far down her throat as she physically can.  
Maude screams-  
And runs to Brynn-  
But it's too late.  
Because Brynn has gotten hold of the parasite.

**INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT**

Brynn comes to-  
Lying on the floor of the family room.  
Right where the Alien corpse was.  
She spits up fluid as her hand comes out of her mouth-  
That blood-clot thing in her hand.  
It screeches in panic at Brynn-  
Before she slams her hand down on the ground-  
Bringing her other hand over to it-  
Squishing it into oblivion.

Her whole body shaking with rage-  
Until it's just another stain on her floor.  
Brynn gets to her feet-  
Wobbles-  
But changed.  
She looks around-  
Grabs one of the wooden chunks of her door.  
And stalks through her house-  
She turns a corner and-

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

**A GREY IS RIGHT THERE!**

Before it can react-  
She **BRINGS** the chunk down violently on its head-  
It tumbles to the ground-  
Tries to get up but-  
Before it can do anything-  
Brynn is wailing on it-  
Bashing it again and again-  
Roaring.  
It reaches out its hand-  
Trying to do something to save its life-  
The fire from the stove **ERUPTS-**  
Sending the boiling pots crashing into the ceiling-  
Flames catching the curtains.  
It cries out-

*Ukkhhh!*

But Brynn keeps beating it to hell until-

It's no more.

She gasps for air-

Drops the wood.

Her hand splintered and bloodied.

Smoke in the kitchen.

Flames growing.

She stands and turns-

And comes face to face with-

Herself.

*Herself?*

It takes her a startled second to figure out what-

Who-

She's looking at.

**SHE** looks like Brynn if you weren't wearing glasses.

But up close-

Things are a little... *off*.

Like she's... just a little under-baked.

Not quite finished yet.

It stares blankly at Brynn.

Who can't really comprehend what she's seeing.

Until she looks down.

And sees the jagged pipe from the basement that the thing is holding.

And how it's buried deep in Brynn's stomach.

Brynn looks up at the AntiBrynn and-

It jabs it in to Brynn's stomach again.

She feels it this time-

Lets out a gasp.

Steps backs-

It follows in step.

Brynn coughs blood.

The two locking eyes with each other.

But there's just... no malice in its eyes.

None.

Just total casual indifference.

Even curiosity.

Brynn looks at herself.

This cleaner, simpler version of herself.

Before she **JABS** her box cutter into its neck.

Its mouth gapes open like a fish that can't breathe.

It staggers about-

Sad-

Not really sure what to do with its hands-

Or how to stop it from hurting.

It doesn't want to die-

It just started living-

It drops the pipe.

Red all over Brynn's stomach.

Brynn grabs her wounds-

Looks up and sees the AntiBrynn struggling for air.

It sees Brynn-

And reaches out for her-

Not to hurt her.

But for help.

Just a scared little girl looking for a mom.

The AntiBrynn stumbles on its way towards Brynn-  
 Who catches it in her arms.

And cradles her on the floor.

It looks up at Brynn-

Mouth still gaping.

Trying to breathe-

Blood flooding its throat-

*Uck-uck-uck*

Brynn strokes her hair.

*Shhhhh*

As the AntiBrynn dies in her arms.

Brynn cries.

Holding its body.

As her house burns down around her.

#### **EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

Grunting with determination-

Brynn grips her stomach and shuffles down the road.

Fire in the background until-

**THWUMMMPPP!**

The light blasts down from above the house-

Snuffing out all of the fire and then-

It's gone.

Brynn doesn't stop or look back.

**THWUMMMPPP!**

Not even when the light hits farther back down the road.

**THWUMMMPPP!**

Not even when it gets closer either.

It's looking for her.

Lights up ahead.

Not those kind of lights though.

That **TRUCK** that passed her earlier.

Brynn doesn't even look at it.

Not even when it stops short ahead of her.

The **DRIVER** gets out.

Seeing this bloody mess of a girl.

Doesn't even recognize her anymore.

Horrified.

DRIVER

H-

**THWUMMMPPPP!**

His back arches as the light hits him-

Paralyzing him.

Eyes wide open and mouth stretched out.

And Brynn doesn't even react.

Keeps on trudging ahead.

Never so much as even looked his way.

Just grunting and groaning further down the road.

Until finally-

*Finally-*

**THWUMMMPPPP!**

The light grabs hold of Brynn.

Freezing her mid-step.

She strains against it.

Sweat beading and rolling across her face.

And inevitably-

From the darkness ahead-  
A Grey begins its walk towards her.  
Brynn sees it and begins groaning-  
Deep guttural groans.  
Until it becomes clear that they aren't groans at all.  
She's *growling* at the Alien.  
Teeth bared.  
Eyes bulging-  
Glaring from beneath her bloody and matted hair.  
As the Alien stands before her.  
This girl that feels almost more like a rabid animal at this point.  
The Grey tilts its head at her.  
Brynn growls louder.  
Blood floats mid-air from her stomach.  
From her back.  
The Grey raises its hand.  
Long skinny fingers.  
Not enough fingers.  
Brynn growls harder-  
Desperate to fight-  
To attack-  
Until the Alien's fingers touch her forehead.  
And all the fight drains from her in an instant.  
Her eyes roll to the back of her head.  
She jerks her head once.  
Then again.  
And then into-

**EXT. THE WOODS - DAY**

*Two twelve year old girls in skirts go into the woods.*

*One of them is Brynn. One of them is Maude.*

**EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT**

*Brynn leaves the woods.*

*There is blood on her clothes.*

**INT. BRYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

*Brynn's MOTHER reacts in alarm when she sees her daughter.*

*When she sees the blood.*

**EXT. BRYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

*Brynn's mother cries alone.*

*Brynn watches from the backseat of a squad car.*

*The blue flashing lights are almost pretty.*

**INT. COURT ROOM - DAY**

*Mrs. Collins and the Police Chief cry in relief as Brynn is sentenced. She looks at them as she's escorted away.*

**INT. JUVENILE DETENTION - DAY**

*Brynn moves in.*

*Brynn eats meals.*

*Brynn's mom visits.*

*Brynn sleeps.*

*Brynn reads books.*

**INT. THERAPY - DAY**

*The faces of smiling therapists.*

*The faces of the people that helped her understand.*

*Eventually Brynn breaks down into tears.*

*Processes.*

*Progress.*

**INT. BUNK - NIGHT**

*Brynn writes a letter.*

*Dear Maude,*

**EXT. FUNERAL - DAY**

*Brynn gets to attend her mother's funeral.*

*A guard is nearby. All eyes on Brynn.*

*Her eyes on the casket.*

*A headstone that says Mother of Brynn.*

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

*Brynn is released.*

*Older and healthier and wiser and stronger.*

*There's no one waiting for her.*

**EXT./INT. BRYNN'S HOUSE - DAY**

*Brynn gets home.*

*The house in a state of disrepair. Boxes of backed-up mail.*

*All of the letters to Maude, mailed here.*

**EXT. TOWN - DAY**

*Brynn walks down Main Street.*

*Everyone watches her. Everyone hates her.*

*Her hands shake.*

**INT. BRYNN'S HOUSE - DAY**

Brynn cleans her house. Makes it her own. Makes it perfect.

**EXT. BRYNN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Brynn scrubs "Murderer" off the side of her house.

**INT. BRYNN'S HOUSE - DAY**

Brynn gets her first LeMax house. Sets it up proudly.

**INT. BRYNN'S HOUSE - DAY**

The LeMax village grows. And grows.

**INT. THE ROOM - DAY**

The collection of letters grows. And grows.

**INT. THE FAMILY ROOM - DAY**

Brynn sets the fateful LeMax building down. You know the one.

She smiles.

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

Brynn's eyes snap back to focus-

As the Grey before her-

Lowers its hand.

Brynn not growling anymore.

Just long-

Deep-

Breaths.

As the two regard each other.

Some kind of clarity between them.

And then-

The light from above disappears-

And Brynn falls to the ground.

*Ooomf.*

She stays there, face down for a few seconds.

Just trying to breathe.

When she looks up-

The Alien is gone.

And there is no light in the sky.

Everything is quiet.

Everything is still.

Everything is peaceful.

With a painful force of energy-

Brynn rolls onto her back.

Staring up at the night sky.

Holding her bleeding stomach.

Starts laughing.

Just a little.

Because the sky is full of stars.

And as her laughter builds and builds.

Louder and louder.

Those **ALIEN LIGHTS** return.

Not over her at all.

But all over the little town, all the little people that couldn't save themselves.

And Brynn keeps laughing.

Because it's just another normal October night.

Except for all the ways-

It really fucking hasn't been.

**December**

**EXT. RECORD PLAYER - EVENING**

Two gloved hands place a record on the player.

Brings down the needle.

The audio crackles and then-

The **WALTZ** begins.

Brynn moves away.

Looking classy as hell in a winter coat and a dress.

She smiles to herself, swaying with the music, revealing that-

She's in the middle of the road.

On **MAIN STREET**.

Newly painted. Newly manicured.

Christmas lights twinkling overhead.

She surveys it all proudly.

Because **SHE DID ALL OF THIS**.

And then-

She begins **DANCING**-

Alone at first-

Until she sees **PEOPLE**-

Standing off to the side of the streets-

You'd recognize some of them.

The Mail Man.

The Teenage Cashier.

The Women from the funeral.

Something a little...

*Off* about them.

**ALL OF THEM**.

As if they were all getting used to their new bodies.

Because they are.

Brynn twirls and a **MAN** is waiting in front of her-

They begin to dance.

Her smiles, still getting the hang of it.

It's not great, but he'll figure it out with her help.

And after a few moments-

A **WOMAN** is waiting for them-

She replaces the man-

And her and Brynn dance.

Brynn having the time of her life.

Having a community.

A home.

All of her own.

She smiles, full of contentment and joy, nothing awkward or forced about it anymore.

It's been a good day.

**THE END.**